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THE LUTE.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF MUSICAL NEWS.

No. 145.]
Registered for Transmission Abroad.

JANUARY 1, 1895.

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EMIL SAUER.

HERR EMIL SAUER was born at Hamburg on the 8th of October, 1862. He is, thus, only 32 years of age, although he has already conquered for himself a foremost place among European pianists. When quite a boy he attracted the attention of Anton Rubinstein, who recommended him to his brother Nicolaus, himself a professor of the pianoforte. He studied in Moscow until he had reached his twentieth year, when he began his public career as an executant, appearing first in his native town with phenomenal success. In 1883 he toured through Spain and Italy. Subsequently, at Weimar, he was brought into contact with the Abbé Liszt, who at once perceived his unusual gifts, but it was only when he made his appearance at Berlin in the year 1885 that his position became absolutely established. No living pianist has ever achieved the triumph which fell to the lot of Emil Sauer when he first challenged the verdict of Viennese audiences in 1891-92. Hauslick, the eminent and not usually gushing critic, said of him that he was the "Troubadour of the Piano." This happy phrase nicely describes Herr Sauer's buoyant and easy method. As much at home in severe as in light music, his delicate manipulation of Chopin can hardly be excelled by Paderewski himself. Many of our readers will have, ere this, been in a position to judge for themselves of the extraordinary ability displayed by this great artist, who has, during the last month or so, been a prominent figure of musical London. This is not, however, his first visit to the British Metropolis, for in the year 1882 he was in our midst, though his grand playing was then confined to a few performances at the houses of private friends and patrons. Herr Emil Sauer is an admirer of the pianos manufactured by Messrs. Rud. Ibach. Sohn, in connection with which the *Times*, dated November 23rd, observed: "Unlike some eminent pianists Herr Sauer was materially assisted, not hampered by the instrument he employed."

CURRENT NOTES.

MADAME PATTI sang towards the close of last year at the Albert Hall. She will not appear again this season in London. She left a pleasant impression, as she did not, on this occasion at least, depend upon her well-worn success "Home, Sweet Home." In fact, she actually introduced such an ambitious novelty as Elizabeth's "Prayer" from *Tannhäuser*, besides the florid "Jewel Song," from *Faust*; and her rendering of the Wagner selection was a revelation. With many modern musicians it will now be, more than ever, a matter for regret that this peerless vocalist has in the past so consistently denied her grand interpretation to the works of the Bayreuth Master.

THE musical critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is generally amusing, but he outdid himself when he announced, with

reference to the Patti concert, that the *diva's* voice required for its proper display something "more showy" than—the "Jewel Song" from *Faust*! Are any of my readers acquainted with a single instance of a more "showy" vocal piece in the whole range of music?

* * *

THE Monday Popular Concert of December 3rd was chiefly interesting as being the occasion of the first performance in England of Smetana's quartet in E minor for strings. The Bohemian author, like many another, did not live to enjoy the success which he has now attained. Certain of his orchestral works have from time to time been performed in this country, but the quartet in E minor, which is headed "Aus Meinen Leben," is, I believe, the only piece of the kind which he ever wrote. It consists of four movements, all pregnant with originality, and as the title suggests, of a vivid personal character. The development of the first movement proceeds upon strictly classical lines, modified by a condensation which led the compiler of the programme to observe that the movement was "but partially orthodox." What, I wonder, would this worthy annotator have said or thought had he been the first to hear Beethoven's later treatment of the sonata form as Beethoven found it!

The second movement "à la Polka" is instinct with melody and happy contrivance. The composer is here quite at his best, though it is hard to thus exclude by implication the beautiful *Largo Sostenuuto* which forms the third section of an exhilarating work—and the disparaging discoveries of the learned annotator are mainly mares' nests. The quartet was repeated on December 10th, when it went more smoothly than before—Lady Hallé, MM. Ries, Gibson, and Ould, being the executants on both occasions—and the general opinion of those best qualified to judge was that the thanks of the public are due to the Director of the "Monday Pops" for adding this refreshing item to his *répertoire*.

* * *

AN amusing instance of carelessness (somewhere) occurred at this concert, when in the programme-book some seven pages were devoted to the analysis of Mozart's Fantasia in C minor (dedicated to Madame Mozart), which was not performed at all. M. Slivinski, the pianist of the evening, entertained his audience with Mozart's Fantasia in C major, one of that master's best known compositions, and he played it superbly, giving as an encore a piece by Rubinstein. The concert concluded with Schumann's trio for piano, violin and 'cello, in F, Op. 80, No. 2. The programme-book of these concerts must, surely, leave something to be desired when it prints, in connection with the delicious fourth movement of this trio, such rubbish as the following: That which, in the view of the commentator, is described by that worthy as the subordinate theme of the *Finale*, "spins itself out (*sic*) at considerable length, and with no marked definiteness of purpose." Really, Mr. Chappell, really!

THE Crystal Palace Concert of the 8th ult. was very largely attended. Perhaps some of those who had come to view the "Cycle" show dropped in to swell the concert audience. Haydn's symphony, *La Reine de France*, was revived for the first time since 1866, and Mr. Manns gave this comparatively simple piece an excellent interpretation. Other principal features of the concert were the phenomenally fine rendering accorded by Mr. Ben Davies to Wagner's "Siegmund's Love-song," from *Die Walküre*, and the introduction for the first time of Mr. Stewart Macpherson's new Idyll for orchestra, entitled *A Summer Day Dream*. This proved to be a very clever composition, and the composer was justly called upon to bow upon its conclusion. It has many excellent points, notably the employment of a solo violin in passages of considerable beauty, and the warm and voluptuous treatment of the instruments. If any fault may be found, I incline to the belief that there is a redundancy of almost cloying sweetness, which might be corrected by the importation of some energetic phrases by way of contrast.

SIGNOR MAGGI, an operatic vocalist who has for some time past been prominently identified with Sir Augustus Harris's provincial operatic troupe, appeared for the first time at the Palace Theatre on December 11th, with electrical effect. His selection, the "Prologue" from *Pagliacci*, was a bold one, but his grand method and his clarion tones could not but appeal even to a music-hall audience.

At the Royal Academy of Music the "Heathcote-Long" Prize for piano playing was awarded on December 8th to Mr. G. Herbert Fryer. On the same day the competition took place for the Sainton-Dolby Prize, which was eventually won by Miss Lydia Clare. On December 13th, the Rushton Memorial Prize was gained by Miss Gertrude Hughes.

MADAME FANNY MOODY and Mr. Charles Manners announce that they will give a prize of £100 together with 5 per cent of the net receipts for the best opera that will last about an hour and a-half in performance, introducing four or five characters and no chorus. Competitors are to send in their works under a *nom de plume*, and the successful one will be advertised on May 15th. The composer is then to divulge his real name and address, and his opera will be shortly afterwards performed at a London Theatre. The judges will be Mr. Joseph Bennett, Mr. Frederic Corder, and Mr. F. Cowen. Further particulars can be obtained from Mr. Manners, 15, King Street, Portman Square.

THE production of *The Chieftain*, written by Mr. Burnand, and composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, was looked for with considerable eagerness and constituted one of the principal events of last month. Founded on, and, in fact, comprising some of the numbers of *The Contrabandista*, which was first heard on December 18th, 1867, at St. George's Hall, *The Chieftain* has been worked up into a fairly interesting light opera, the story as regards continuity and feasibility comparing advantageously with the usual libretto to this class of work. After all, however, the chief triumph remains with the composer, who shows a delightful taste in the way in

which he has contrived to add new matter to such music of *The Contrabandista* as has been retained. He has apparently been able to re-approach the subject in the spirit in which he laid it down nearly thirty years ago. The second act contains nothing but new music, but while embellished with riper experience, it is still conceived in the style of the earlier period, and the music thus presents a certain contrast to the long series of Savoy operas which commenced with *The Pinafore*.

THIS is not the place in which to discuss particularly the librettist's share in a work, excepting in so far as it may be suited or unsuited to a composer's treatment. That it was most suitable the result has shown, and I do not think Mr. Burnand has often been happier in his lyrics. Still the first act, which comprises much of the old material and all the old music which Sir Arthur has seen fit to adhere to, is considerably the weaker of the two; the situation of an English tourist in the grasp of brigands (upon which it hinges), being of itself a "chestnut" with unusually luxuriant whiskers. In this section, none the less, occur some lovely passages, the music to that part of the *finale* which begins "I such honour undeserving," being, for instance, instinct with the sly humour and descriptive excellence which are so valuable and effective in comic opera.

BUT the music of the second act is one continuous treat. Unostentatious, though real ingenuity meet the intelligent listener at every turn. The French duet, so admirably sung by Miss F. St. John and Mr. Courtice Pounds; the solo for Dolly (Miss Florence Perry) "To Spain, said my husband," with its irresistible repetition of "Tra la la" by four voices in varying degrees of irony, amusement and morosity; the superb quintet beginning "You see! I have not been long!" with its burlesque ending of solemnity—these should alone suffice to endear *The Chieftain* to those who love nicety, delicacy, and perfect workmanship. Many favourite artists of long standing connection with the Savoy Theatre are no longer available. Mr. George Grossmith is elsewhere, and so is Miss Jessie Bond. But Mr. Richard Temple's manly voice and figure remain, Miss Rosina Brandram is as good as ever, and the entire cast is highly to be commended. In Mr. Walter Passmore the management have an excellent substitute for Mr. Grossmith. It is surely a compliment—at least it is so intended—to say that only Mr. G. could have played the part of Peter Grigg better than Mr. P.

I COULD not help being struck the other day by a letter to a contemporary in which the writer complained, most justly as it seemed, of the treatment to which visitors to the gallery of the Albert Hall are subjected. It appears that while, as I happen to know, there is ample unoccupied space between the front railings and the wall, and while any introduction of camp-stools or extra chairs is strictly forbidden, the shilling patrons of the Albert Hall are actually prevented by the authorities from seating themselves upon the floor when their exhausted frames can no longer maintain themselves in an erect position! It is not often that I victual a cab and drive out into the country to hear concerts, and when I do, I do not occupy a room in the gallery. But in the interest of the public I put forth an indignant protest against such a



monstrous piece of arbitrary injustice. The Albert Hall, like most of the South Kensington institutions under the control of semi-state officialism, has always been extremely ill-managed. But it is a suicidal and silly policy, even at South Kensington, to harass and annoy an important class of visitors to a hall where desirable music is occasionally given, and whither those who wish to keep abreast of musical doings, are from time to time, and however reluctantly, compelled to resort.

SOMEBODY, I believe, has said that this is "a commercial age"; and the fact, if it be a fact, recurred to my mind when I read in a weekly newspaper the following remarks in connection with *The Chieftain*: "Analyse and dissect as you will . . . you will still find yourself achieving what is, after all, one of the main objects of life—getting your money's worth, with a little something extra thrown in." Who will dare to say that we are not an artistic nation after that? There is a fine Houndsditch ring about the above quotation; and no doubt the musical critic in question gives money's worth to his employer, if with "a little something extra thrown in."

At the last Saturday "Pop" before Christmas Herr Emil Sauer received enthusiastic recalls after his playing of Beethoven's Sonata *Appassionata*. With this artist Lady Hallé and Herr Popper were associated in an admirable rendering of the trio in B flat by Rubinstein. The demise of this splendid pianist seems to have stimulated concert givers to include his works in recent programmes as a tribute of respect rather to the pianist than to the composer.

RUBINSTEIN was the first, and perhaps the greatest, executant to bring out the full capabilities of the modern piano. The instrument as he found it was roughly as superior to Beethoven's as Beethoven's was to Mozart's. As a pianist, Rubinstein's name will live, or ought to live, side by side with that of Paganini. But the turgid works of Rubinstein, the composer, will not probably survive. Thackeray thought he could draw pictures, and he could to some extent; Rubinstein thought he could compose, and he could to some extent. But it is as novelist and pianist that Thackeray and Rubinstein will be respectively handed down to posterity.

I CANNOT sufficiently admire the enterprise of the Royal College of Music which gave towards the middle of December an exceedingly good performance of Délibes's *Le Roi Pa dit*. Band and vocalists were alike pupils of the College, and if the representation was not actually ideal, it was nevertheless surprisingly satisfactory. This pleasing work was written for the Paris *Opéra Comique*, where such monstrosities as are in England produced under the misnomer of comic opera are not for a moment tolerated. Accordingly we heard, in *Le Roi Pa dit*, a most interesting piece by a master of composition, which, if not perfectly rendered, was at any rate more agreeable than bad music sung even by a celestial choir. The fact is that this opera, performed for the first time in England, is very beautiful indeed. The self-restraint and the superb delicacy of the consummate musician are apparent throughout. It may be extraordinary to us who live in England to meet with a composer who willingly subordi-

nates all the resources of modern music to the loyal elucidation of a *rococo* theme. Be it remembered that Délibes was a Frenchman and a master. The period is that of Louis XIV., and to strains redolent of that period Délibes addressed himself. With how great success words are powerless to describe.

It seemed a pity that so carefully rehearsed, so well managed, and so successful a production should be limited to a single performance. How many more London and Suburban amateurs would have delighted to hear and see it had opportunity offered! But it formed part of an educational scheme—one which has the utmost value—and it seems that all the trouble, all the time, and all the talent bestowed, must be relegated to the limbo of forgotten things. The principal artists acquitted themselves with great credit; the chorus (especially) and the band could hardly have been better.

A SERIES of concerts devoted to British Chamber Music came to an end on the 11th of last month. Commencing on October 29th they were continued at fortnightly intervals under the direction of Mr. Ernest Fowles, who must be congratulated cordially upon the successful prosecution of a praiseworthy idea. All the composers whose works were given at these concerts were natives of these islands, and while such time-honoured names as A. C. Mackenzie, Charles Villiers Stanford, Hamish MacCunn, and Arthur Goring Thomas figured in the programmes, space was found for such comparatively new comers as Leonard Nowell Fowles, Henry Walford Davies, William Henry Speer, and Algernon Ashton. A Quintet by the last named for pianoforte and strings (No. 2 in E minor) was a very interesting and clever composition which might (perhaps?) be improved by slight compression.

THE last Crystal Palace concert before Christmas was mainly devoted to Berlioz's "dramatic symphony," so-called apparently because it is a kind of *Cantata*. The instrumental portions were well given, but the choir was at times uncertain, and the work of another Frenchman, M. Massenet, the Entr'acte for violin harp orchestra and chorus, from his opera *Thaïs*, was far better worth the pilgrimage to Sydenham.

ON Monday, December 17th, under the direction of Mr. Percy Notcutt, Mr. Sims Reeves (who seems to have given up all thought of retiring) appeared at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Associated with him were Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Meredyth Elliott, and many other artists, including Miss Louise Nanney, who is rapidly coming to the fore among the ranks of lady violinists.

THE principal feature of the last Monday "Pop" before Christmas was the performance of Dvůřák's new trio (Op. 90), in "Dumky" form. Lady Hallé, Mr. Leonard Borwick and Mr. Popper were the executants. Considerable interest was aroused, but the general opinion seemed to be unfavourable to the innovation in the established classical form. "Dumky" appears to mean something like "Elegy" or "Serenade." Accordingly it consists of a series of short and varied movements without any particular interconnection.

P. R.

SENTIMENTALITY IN THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

ONE of the greatest needs of the time, in artistic as well as in other questions, is the capacity for drawing distinctions between things that superficially seem more or less the same; and in talking of "sentimentality" in music, it is especially necessary to distinguish it from romanticism and emotionalism, with which it is very often confused. The word sentimentality ought really not to be used except in a bad sense—as the definition of emotions which do not lead to any worthy result, and are in themselves the outcome of second-rate feeling. What is the criterion by which we can distinguish "first-rate" and "second-rate" feelings is, after all, purely a matter for each one to decide for himself; but still it might be interesting to put down a few thoughts on the question, as it seems to present itself to the musician.

We at once see that there are some composers whom no one would think of calling sentimental, and of these the chief are naturally Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. However much their work may vary in quality and inspiration, at any rate it is never weak in the positive sense of the word—it never encourages a feeble emotion. Nor can we recollect a case in which Haydn or Mozart, however wanting in strength, becomes really sentimental; and as regards Schubert, his no doubt frequent lapses from the plane of genius are rather towards triviality than sentimentality, though there are, it must be confessed, occasional instances of the latter, as in the Piano Impromptu in G. What we find in Chopin is sentiment rather than sentimentality; and there is always, even in his least valuable things, a certain remnant of the pure imaginative touch which saves them. Schumann's nature was too serious and complex for sentimentality, and his less inspired moments are dull rather than emotionally weak. Weber, at any rate in his greater works, is one of the strong instances of romanticism which some persons might superficially confuse with sentimentality, but which is really poles asunder. A tune like that of the horns at the opening of *Der Freischütz* is the best example possible of the purely romantic non-sentimental tone; we have only to compare it with the horn-tune in the *Notturmo* of Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* music to see the difference, though this last is only just hesitating on the verge of sentimentality, and is very far from being a complete type.

It is of Mendelssohn that most people naturally think when talking about sentimentality in the great composers. It will indeed always remain one of the most astonishing reflections in all art that the man who could write such masterpieces as the *Hebrides* and *Meeresstille* Overtures, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture and Scherzo, and many more, could also descend to such depths as are shown in the subjects of the slow movement of the C minor Trio or of the finale of the G minor Piano Concerto. This last indeed is vulgar rather than sentimental; but the theme of the slow movement of the C minor Trio is as typical an instance of sentimentality in the worst form as one could find. Indeed Mendelssohn's slow movements are nearly always more or less sentimental. The theme of the *Adagio* of the Scotch Symphony spoils a splendid work; things like "If with all your hearts," and "O rest in the Lord," quite take the edge off the fine strokes in other parts of *Elijah*. There are no doubt exceptions, such as the beautiful introduction to the *Meeresstille* overture, or the andante of the Violin Concerto; but, on the whole, Mendelssohn's ideas lose their value ten-fold

when he writes in slow time. While he shrank in a kind of fastidiousness from the *bonhomie* and rollicking frankness of Schubert, yet he never seems to have perceived that, in the deeper sense of the word, some of his own work is more vulgar than anything Schubert ever wrote—vulgar, not in the superficial sense of being wrongly careless and wanting in fineness of material, but in the more far-reaching and more destructive sense of being incapable of distinguishing emotions that have no worthy foundation. In the best of his frankly lighter moments no composer could be more delightful; but a considerable amount of his work has a sort of weak half-pietistic flavour about it which may appeal to some, but as certainly repels others in the strongest manner. It is not a pleasant reflection that we should often naturally turn to music more or less concerned with what are called religious emotions when we think of examples of sentimentality; still, we have plenty of instances on the other side to encourage us, and in the long run the influence of the *Matthäus-Passion*, the *Mass in D*, and the *Deutsches Requiem*, with Palestrina and Handel included, will probably suffice to counter-balance that of *Elijah* and *The Redemption*.

It may be that some have been led to under-estimate the combined sentimentality and commonplace which forms the great blot on Mendelssohn's work by noticing how many of his detractors seem carefully to avoid any discussion of the question whether their own particular idol may not also show sentimental leanings. Certainly many so-called Wagnerians who no doubt do good service in some ways in pointing out the limitations of Mendelssohn, usually overlook the facts which speak for themselves in some of the "Master's" earlier works. Leaving *Rienzi* out of the question, it is difficult to know what term other than sentimental one can apply to things in *Tannhäuser* like Wolfram's "O du mein holder Abendstern," or, still more, Elizabeth's Prayer. No doubt Wagner soon grew out of this phase; there is not a note of sentimentality in the *Ring*, or *Tristan*, or the *Meistersinger*, and parts of *Parsifal* are as great examples as exist of religious music that is both strong and sweet. But still, it is no use shutting our eyes to these among other spots in the sun; and very possibly the rabid Wagnerian (though let us be thankful that Wagner himself would have disagreed with him on the most important points) is a more harmful individual for the cause of music than the rabid Mendelssohnian of a generation back.

After all, the real test we should apply in determining whether or not a composer is given to sentimentality is—Can he, or can he not, write a great simple strong melody in slow time? All the greatest men have met this test successfully, from the unknown composers of the great Irish folk-tunes, for example, down to the creator of the Siegmund-motive and of the opening phrase of *Parsifal*. Let us take three or four typical instances of great slow movement subjects—for example, the themes of the *Adagios* of Mozart's E flat Symphony, Beethoven's Violin Concerto, Schubert's String Quintet, Brahms' first Violin Sonata—and carefully and frankly compare them with the themes of the slow movements of Mendelssohn's C minor Trio or the *Lobgesang*; or in vocal music, let us compare the love-duets in *Die Walküre* and Gounod's *Faust*, the *Inflammatus* in the settings of the *Stabat Mater* of Dvůřák and Rossini, the *Sanctus* in Bach's B minor Mass and in *Mors et Vita*. We shall then understand more of the distinction between great emotional art and the opposite than we could get by any theorising. It is not that we are advocating nothing but "serious" music for all our moods. Nothing could be more perfect artistically than

a Lanner or Strauss waltz, if we wish for music that is light-hearted; nothing more charming than Grieg or much modern French work, if we wish for elegance and piquancy. But it is when composers, who are perfectly satisfactory in the less exalted regions of art, attempt to treat of high moods, that the danger comes in. It is the spurious imitation of high emotion that is so delusive.

ERNEST WALKER.

VARIA.

THE fact that the birthdays of Mozart and Schubert both fall within the present month (January 27th and 31st) may suggest some interesting reflections as to the points of comparison between the work of these two composers. A few of the more salient points may be noticed here, but the comparison is singularly fruitful when considered in detail. As to the similarities between them, they certainly rank as the twin great pure melodists among composers; each had in the highest degree the power of combining greatness with simplicity, and of writing plain, straightforward tunes of inexhaustible beauty. Each was extremely productive and spontaneous; each, alike in music and in character, was in general light-hearted as no other great composer has at all habitually been. These points of resemblance extend more or less through all their work; but, on the other hand, there are points in which they differ in the most striking degree. In the pure technique of composition, Schubert is a child compared to Mozart. The latter had an innate feeling for the sheer beauty of form in itself, which has nothing corresponding in Schubert, who is perhaps of all great artists in any art the most hopelessly wanting, as a rule, in the sense of balance and proportion. Again, Mozart's command over contrapuntal writing is perfect for ease and grace, while Schubert very rarely ventures on anything of the sort, and never with the least success. Work like the *finale* of the *Jupiter* Symphony would have been as impossible for Schubert to imitate as a masterpiece of painting or sculpture. Only in one point of technique—that of orchestration—can Schubert really hold his own with the great composers; and in this, by some extraordinary intuition—for his opportunities of hearing his own orchestral works were very few—he ranks with the very greatest, and certainly above Mozart. And though Schubert's terrible carelessness in composition—so different from the flawless finish of every fragment of Mozart's work—leaves in almost all his writing blots which the least revision would have removed, yet in spite of all technical disadvantages it would be hard to deny that, if we look for depth of idea, Schubert's greatest works—the two last Symphonies, the String Quintet, the *Rosamunde* Entr'acte in B minor—attain to a standard far above anything Mozart could reach. It is the difference between work that is flawless in pure form and in sheer beauty of sound, but only rarely, as in the String Quintet in G minor, really cuts into the heart, and work that, however technically deficient, has in it, at its highest points, the deepest and most individual thoughts in the most overflowing richness. It is the difference between the one-sided classical style and the one-sided romantic—the last symphonies of Schubert are as unsurpassable in all music for beauty of ideas as the last of Mozart are for beauty of design.

It is said that Brahms has recently completed two Sonatas for Piano and Clarinet, which will be introduced to this country, at the Popular Concerts, by Herr

Mühlfeld, the famous clarinetist, some time next month. Since the production of the Clarinet Trio and Quintet, now a comparatively long time back, Brahms has brought out nothing of great importance, confining himself to various small piano pieces and a collection of technical studies, which he might well have left to other less celebrated hands. This relative silence is the more to be regretted, as the Clarinet Quintet and the String Quintet in G, which immediately preceded it, will certainly, we think, rank with the earlier Piano Quintet as the greatest three specimens of chamber music of the last sixty years; and we feel somehow that exercises and small piano pieces (some no doubt extremely fine, but others, if we may be pardoned the heresy, decidedly dull) are not exactly what we look for. We want a symphony or great choral work, another trio or quartet. We shall look forward to these Clarinet Sonatas with the greatest interest, but even they are not exactly what we expect. They are written for too exceptional an instrument to rank with those great works which we can always be hearing at any rate in our own homes. Herr Mühlfeld is an artist of the first order, but we hope he is not going to monopolise the whole of Brahms' more important works. To have had the Clarinet Quintet written for one is surely enough glory for the most ambitious of musicians.

SPEAKING of modern chamber music, we have often noticed with regret the habit of many persons who speak admiringly of such works as those of Brahms to correspondingly depreciate a Haydn Quartet or a Mozart Violin Sonata, as if the two tastes were incompatible. Nothing really shows the true musician more than the degree to which we can see the relationship between them. If we set up a purely intellectual standard, no doubt Brahms is greater than Haydn or Mozart—but that only means that we are contemporaries of the former and consequently enter more closely into what one might call the intellectual texture of his thought; and if, as is surely the case, the simply beautiful is one of the great things in music, it would be hard to find better examples of this than the "Sunrise" Quartet of Haydn or the E flat of Mozart. They come to us from a time when men were content to take their emotions, and life in general, at their ease; and it is the great drawback of the storm and stress of these latter days that the emotional palate of many of us is consequently often too jaded to really appreciate the refreshing taste of the music of a past century. The understanding of the great art which is also absolutely childlike is one of the things which we usually learn last of all.

MUSIC IN COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.

*** In view of the musical influence of Colleges and Public and High Schools, we shall be glad to receive communications respecting any musical events that may take place. Such notices, however, should reach us by the 18th day of the month.

DOINGS IN THE PROVINCES.

*** To obviate any interesting event in the Suburbs or Provinces escaping attention, we shall be glad to receive communications from local correspondents. These, however, must reach us before the 18th day of the month.

As term finished in the second week of December, there is not so much Oxford music to be chronicled this month

as last. The programmes of the last two Balliol concerts included various madrigals (Gibbons' "The Silver Swan," Morley's "My Bonnie Lass" and "Now is the Month of Maying," Purcell's "In These Delightful Pleasant Groves," Dowland's "Awake Sweet Love," with some less well-known specimens by Byrd and Ferrabosco, and a MS. one by Mr. E. Walker), violin sonatas of Mozart and Schubert, piano duets of Brahms and Schubert, piano solos, songs, etc. The performers being: (singers) Miss F. Allitsen and Mr. Wilfrid Cunliffe, (pianists) Messrs. E. Walker and D. F. Tovey, (violinist) Mr. H. H. Joachim. At the last two meetings of the Musical Club there were performed quartets in A major (Schumann), in F minor (Mendelssohn), Trios in B minor (MS.) (C. H. H. Parry), in B flat (Mozart) Sonata for piano and violin in B minor (Bach), solos, songs, etc. Strings: Messrs. J. Ludwig, C. Ould, K. Henkel, H. H. Joachim, R. C. Davis, A. J. Slocombe, B. P. Parker. Pianists: Messrs. B. Harwood, D. F. Tovey, E. Walker. Singer, Mr. E. G. Mercer. The last two of Messrs. Acott's long list of concerts were among the most interesting of all. For one of these a complete "Monday Popular" party had been engaged, including Lady Hallé, Messrs. Ries, Gibson, Whitehouse, and Schonberger, with Mrs. Helen Trust, and Mr. Henry Bird as accompanist. The performance of Brahms' C minor Trio was rather uneven, but the third Rasoumowsky was splendidly given, and Lady Hallé's solos, a selection from Stanford's "Irish Pieces," were played to perfection. Mr. Schonberger gave an intellectual, though not extremely inspired, reading of Beethoven's D minor Sonata, and Mrs. Helen Trust sang some rather trivial songs in her well-known delicate, if monotonous, style. The other concert, under Messrs. Acott's management, was a piano and violin recital by Messrs. Leonard Borwick and Plunket Greene. Mr. Borwick's selections were perhaps not altogether well chosen, but they were all remarkably finely played, and Mr. Greene had full scope for his strikingly dramatic and imaginative style in a large number of songs, including Cornelius' marvellous "Ein Ton," and a selection from the "Songs of the Four Nations," arranged by Mr. Arthur Somervell in a very musicianly, but occasionally decidedly too modern, fashion.

A LARGE number of concerts have taken place in Liverpool during the past month. On November 29th a "Grand Miscellaneous Concert" was given by the Liverpool Musical Society at St. George's Hall. The vocalists were Madame Clara Samuëll, Miss Jeanie Rankin, Mr. H. Piercy and Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, Mr. Philip Cathie and Mr. Clement Locknane being the instrumental performers. The Musical Society was also heard in several glees, under the conductorship of Mr. D. O. Parry.—On the following evening, being St. Andrew's Day, Mr. T. L. Duncan gave a Scottish concert in the same hall.—On the afternoon of Saturday, December 1st, a very interesting concert was given by the Schiever Quartet—Messrs. Schiever, Akeroyd, Courvoisier, and Fuchs—and Mr. Leonard Borwick, at the Art Club. The programme included Beethoven's third Rasoumowsky quartet, Brahms' piano quintet, Haydn's "Emperor" Variations, and piano solos by Saint-Saëns, Schumann, and Mendelssohn. The concert was in every way most successful, and both the quartet and Mr. Borwick deservedly received the highest praise for their renderings.—On the same evening Mr. Shaw gave a concert at Hope Hall, when the performers included, among

others, Miss Lily Moody, Madame Marie Anderson, Messrs. Denham Barrie, D. Billington, V. L. Needham, etc.—Joset Hofmann gave a piano recital on December 6th at the small room in St. George's Hall.—The Harrison Second Concert was held on December 12th at the Philharmonic Hall, with a strong list of artists, including Miss Evangeline Florence, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mlle. Marie Dubois, and Messrs. Ben Davies, Santley, and David Popper.

OUR Glasgow correspondent writes: Since last issue the principal choral concert has been a performance of *Elijah* under Mr. Bradley. With the exception of the *Messiah* on New Year's day (which has come to be regarded as a sort of religious service), this oratorio commands a larger audience than any other work of the same class. This can easily be accounted for by its wealth of melody, both in solos and choruses. Modern composers might do worse than take it as a model, and not treat us to a reversal of the order of things, a preponderating mass of orchestration, with a vocal accompaniment, and then their works might stand a better chance of being heard oftener. Everybody cannot write *Tannhäuser* and the imitations may be wrought out in a musicianly style, but that is about all you can say regarding them. The chorus was in excellent form, and though the sopranos were a little weak, the quality was very fine. Miss Palliser, Miss Marian McKenzie, Mr. Leyland, and Mr. Andrew Black as principals, acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of everybody. Mr. Black was in splendid voice, and has rarely been heard to better advantage. We had a visit from *Jeanie Deans*, (according to McCunn). Opinions vary considerably regarding its merits; no doubt, it is an able work, but has the stamp of the modern school—no melody. The Carl Rosa Company gave it full justice, as they treated the rest of their *répertoire*. That marvel Josef Hofmann gave the Glasgow folks a great treat; coming, as one might say, on the heels of Sapellinkoff, Slivinski, and Borwick, he invited comparison from which he emerged magnificently, and with a few years' experience he may be able to infuse a little more feeling into some of his renderings. Messrs. Paterson, Sons & Co. deserve credit for introducing the pianist once more to Glasgow. Woodlands Road U.P. Church gave a selection from the *Messiah*. Miss Chick was the solo soprano and Mr. D. A. Smith the bass. Partick Choral Union give a concert on the 18th of Part Songs. St. George's Church Choir, under Mr. Felvus Henn, gave a service of sacred music in the church on Sunday evening. Amongst the novelties was an anthem (in the style of a march) "From Egypt's Bondage Come," by A. Page. The pantomime fiend is abroad, three are let loose in the city at present, Dvórák's "New World" symphony created a profound impression on its second hearing at the Saturday "Pop" lately. It is full of melody, and the general treatment is very attractive. Mr. Henschel is still making his presence felt, and it will be hard to fill his place when he leaves for the metropolis. The Athenæum Ladies' Choir under Principal Macbeth, give a concert this week, *Margaret, or the Blind Girl of Castel Cuille*, by Corder; but having to go to press early in consequence of the Christmas Holidays, we are unable to notice it and several others.

OUR Newcastle-on-Tyne correspondent writes:—Commencing on Monday, November 26th, the Carl Rosa Opera Company gave during the week at the Tyne

Theatre acceptable performances of the following: *Tannhäuser*, *Daughter of the Regiment*, the second act from *Maritana* and *Sancta Lucia*, *The Bohemian Girl*, *Jeanie Deans*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Esmeralda*. Great interest was taken in the performance of the time-worn *Bohemian Girl* from the fact that Miss Lily Heenan, a native of Newcastle, was to appear as one of the principals. The local press speak highly of the young lady's performance, and justly so, her singing and acting being most excellent in every way. It is evident that future visits with Miss Heenan in opera will be looked forward to with interest.

On Saturday, December 1st, a band contest was held in Olympia, which created considerable interest among local bandsmen. Sixteen bands competed; the money prizes were considerable. Mr. Lindon Travers provided these, as also the choral contest held a week or two previously.

Mr. John Murray gave an organ recital at the opening of the new organ in St. Jude's Church on Sunday evening, December 2nd. The church was crowded in every part. Mr. Murray's programme contained, "Andante Pastoral," Stephens; "Barcarolle," Sir W. S. Bennett; "The Flute Concerto," Rinck; "Allegretto from Fourth Sonata," Mendelssohn; "O Sanctissima," Chipp; "Grand Offertoire in F," G. F. Vincent; "Ave Maria," Dr. Spark; "Con Brio," Dr. Turpin; "March," Spinney.

The Northern Musicians Benevolent Society gave their fifth annual concert in Olympia on Monday, December 10th. The orchestra, composed entirely of local musicians who give their services, numbered about 100 performers. The concert was the most successful yet given. Mr. J. H. Beers conducted, Mr. J. M. Preston presided at the piano, and Miss Clara Butt was the vocalist. The pieces performed included works from Mackenzie, Grieg, Gounod, Bizet, Dvůřák, Weber's Concertstück, and Delibes' *Sylvia*. There was a splendid audience.

Miss Maud May gave a Chamber Concert in the New Assembly Rooms, assisted by Miss Clara Butt, Miss Donkersley, first violin; Miss Winifred Foster, second violin; Mr. Emil Kreuz, viola; and Mr. W. H. Squire, 'cello. Miss Kate Liddle accompanied.

A festival of church choirs was held in Christ Church, Gateshead. The choir consisted of 200 voices, the conductor being Mr. Davidson, organist of the church.

Mr. Josef Hofmann appears at the New Assembly Rooms on Monday, December 17th.

The 62nd concert of the Chamber Music Society was held in the Old Assembly Rooms on Monday, December 12th, First violin, Mr. Ernest Schiever; second, Mr. V. Akeroyd; viola, Mr. C. Courvoisier; 'cello, Mr. C. Fuchs; vocalist, Mr. Plunket Greene; pianist, Mr. J. M. Preston.

SOME FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE recent death of Rubinstein has naturally excited interest in his works, and from various parts of the continent news comes of concerts made up entirely of his compositions. At Stockholm the Aulin String Quartet has given a concert of Rubinstein's chamber music, which, outside the B flat Trio and the Violin and Violoncello Sonatas, is practically unknown here. The sacred opera, *Moses*, or rather a portion of this lengthy work, has been performed at Cologne, under Professor Franz Wüllner. His other sacred opera, entitled *Paradise Lost*, has been given by the Halberstadt and Quedlinburg combined Choral Societies, at the former town. Further, it is

announced that a series of ten performances of *Christus* will be given within a short time at Bremen. Herr von zur Mühlen—who may perhaps be remembered as a tenor singer of very remarkable powers who appeared here some years ago—will, it is said, undertake the principal part, and the chorus will be selected from local sources.

GLUCK's great opera, *Armida*, which has been considered by many to be his masterpiece, has been performed at Frankfort with great success. The good fortune that seems to have attended this revival may perhaps lead theatre-managers to occasionally perform *Alceste* or one of the *Iphigénies*, as well as *Orfeo*.

ANOTHER revival that has also been successful has been that of Weber's *Euryanthe* at Antwerp. No doubt the bad libretto has weighed the work down; but, after all, the book is no worse than those of many other operas often put on the stage, and the music is, on the whole, Weber's greatest masterpiece.

FRAU MARIE VON BÜLOW, the widow of the great conductor and pianist, is collecting material for a work on his life, and asks all musicians and friends who may happen to possess any letters or articles of interest to lend them for a short time to her in Hamburg, Alsterglacis 10.

MÉHUL's opera, *Uthal*, has been revived with success at Munich. The score of work is peculiar in that it is without violins from first to last. Méhul no doubt intended, by the prominence consequently given to the violas, to produce a dreamy, gloomy colouring suitable to the Ossianic subject; but to judge from a *mot* of Grétry, who offered a lousis for the sound of an E string, the effect must have been somewhat monotonous. Brahms has more recently employed the same method of orchestration with great success in the Serenade in A and in the first movement of the *Deutsches Requiem*.

REVIEWS.

Studies in Modern Music (Second Series). By W. H. Hadow, M.A. (Seeley & Co.)

Musical *belles-lettres* in England form on the whole so dreary a waste of words without knowledge that it is with great pleasure that we meet with a second series of *Studies in Modern Music* from Mr. Hadow's pen, which is fully up to the level of its predecessor in thoughtfulness and breadth of view and real artistic insight. Mr. Hadow is no mere doctrinaire or one-sided specialist, but looks on musical questions from the broad vantage-ground where art, literature, and philosophy join hands. Among the mass of unbalanced and misleading writing on music which we have always with us, it is a real relief to turn to a work of an artistic thinker, who stands far beyond that conventional subservience to popular unreflecting opinion which makes such havoc of our musical life.

The present series of "studies" includes biographical and critical essays on Chopin, Dvůřák, and Brahms, with an introductory essay on "The Outlines of Musical Form," which is perhaps the most suggestive and valuable portion of the book. Nothing could be better than Mr. Hadow's analyses of the intellectual grounds of criticism, of the various elements in musical appreciation, of the formal basis of beauty of style and structure. Nothing, again, could be better than the passages in which he lays down the permanent canons of "absolute" music; but he might, however, perhaps have given rather more space to

a consideration of the methods of Wagner, which he only discusses in a short paragraph towards the close of the book. No doubt, as Mr. Hadow says, Wagner's greatest, perhaps only, contributions to definite musical technique are his orchestration and his polyphony; yet we certainly cannot at all speak of his style as in any real sense formless, and we should have liked to have had some analysis of the grounds of the marvellous coherence of his boldest ventures in such matters as key-relationship compared with the painful performances of most of his imitators. Perhaps also Mr. Hadow might have given a few words to Liszt's Symphonic Poems, which, however inferior as music, are structurally interesting, as showing the principle of theme-metamorphosis, to which Mr. Hadow elsewhere refers, in its most extreme and logical development.

The essays on Chopin, Dvřák, and Brahms are also of the highest interest and value, both as biographies and as masterly pieces of criticism. The treatment of Chopin's personal character is excellent, and we are very glad to see that Mr. Hadow takes the only rational view about the George Sand episode and refutes conclusively the calumnies which some writers have tried to fasten to the name of a noble woman. The study of Dvřák, besides containing some delightful word-pictures of the Bohemian village where the composer was born, has also an admirable discussion of national characteristics in music; while the final essay on Brahms is perhaps, critically, the most valuable of the three. Mr. Hadow clearly points out how in Brahms we find the fusion of the classical and romantic elements in a style which is the ideal development of that of Bach and Beethoven—how in him, if we might venture on the apparent paradox, all things have become new, while the old things have not passed away. In the struggle towards any such reconciliation much is necessarily evolved of which the value lies less in the product itself than in the spirit which animated the producing, and in this Brahms has no doubt his full share. It is useless, of course, to try to compare him with so different a man as Wagner; but it is somehow always with a sense of relief that we turn from the "divine madness" of *Tristan*—in its way no doubt one of the great things of the world—to the unapproachable strength and serenity of the *Schicksalslied*, which would seem, if art were framed after the model of Dante, to find its proper place only in the Mystic Rose itself.

The broad principles of Mr. Hadow's book are so essentially those of all right-thinking musicians that it is only the smaller details that are really left open for criticism; and perhaps one of these is Mr. Hadow's fondness for what might be called the allusive style. His pages are full of quotations and suggestions gathered from the whole field of literature "from China to Peru," which while giving a pleasant tone of scholarship and distinction to the writing, are occasionally perhaps a little irrelevant to the matter on hand. For example, he compares a passage in Grieg's first violin sonata with "the imbroglia in *Evan Harrington*," obviously assuming that all his readers are as well acquainted with their Meredith as with their Grieg. Again, on page 59, in the course of some excellent remarks on the general function of music, he writes, "It is the one art in which no human being can raise the false issue of a direct ethical influence. It allows absolutely no scope for the confusion of thought, which, on one side, brought *Madame Bovary* into the law courts, and, on the other, has taught the British public to regard as a great religious teacher the ingenious gentleman who illustrated the *Contes Drolatiques*." Surely the whole point of this admirable comparison would be thrown away on anyone who

did not happen to have read the appendix to Flaubert's masterpiece, or was unaware of the difference between the subjects of Balzac's stories and those of the pictures ordinarily associated with the name of Gustave Doré. But still, of course, the greater fusion of the various branches of artistic and literary culture is one of the aims of any serious worker who is better than a mere specialist; and if Mr. Hadow's allusions lead any too one-sided musician to study Carpaccio or Daudet for himself, it will certainly be so much the better.

Perhaps there are one or two more small points that might be noticed. A few of Mr. Hadow's typical examples, such as the list (p. 158) of selected works of Chopin, sound rather strange to our ears, and hardly seem the most natural—this, however, is, of course, merely a matter of personal taste. Again, we can hardly agree with Mr. Hadow in his high estimate of some of Dvřák's last works—the "Carnaval" overture seems to us rather uninteresting, and the E flat piano quartet not far removed from commonplace. On the other hand, we should have liked to have seen a special notice of the Scherzo Capriccioso in D flat—one of the most fascinating of all modern orchestral pieces. And turning to the article on Brahms, it is, we think, giving rather a wrong impression of the Academic Festival Overture to speak of it as a "handful of the more convivial student songs" and as an "amusing piece of pure comedy." Of the songs employed, only the "Fuchslid" and "Gaudeamus igitur" are really at all "convivial" in the ordinary sense of the word; the treatment of the others is quite restrained, and in the case of the "Stattliches Haus" (at its first appearance at any rate) solemn almost to the point of religiousness, while the work as a whole is quite as dignified as many a movement from a symphony of Beethoven. Rather more, perhaps, might have been said on the humour of Brahms. No doubt his touch is not light enough for a cynical trifle like "Es sass ein Salamander"—only a Frenchman could really set that; but we should have liked to have had some mention of the setting of Goethe's "Unüberwindlich"—one of the most wonderful examples of sublimated riotousness in music. Again, Mr. Hadow is too hard, we think, on the Allegretto of the Clarinet Trio—a beautiful work which has been unjustly depreciated in comparison with the greater quintet. If the movement is taken at its proper moderate speed, we cannot see what fault can be found with it; and if Mr. Hadow wished to use some strong language about the few spots in the glories of Brahms' chamber music, he would have been more justified, to our mind, in taking, say, the Finale to the C minor string quartet. But all these are, as we said, but the smallest points of detail; like its predecessor, this book should be in the hands of every musician who has any appreciation of the highest kind of artistic criticism.

E. W.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters connected with the literary department of this journal must be addressed to the EDITOR, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The EDITOR cannot undertake to return articles of which he is unable to make use.

All business letters should be addressed to the PUBLISHERS.

Advertisements should reach the Office of the PUBLISHERS, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W., not later than the 10th in order to insure insertion in the issue of the month current.

"PONDER MY WORDS O LORD."

Anthem.

NORMAN HATFIELD.

LONDON:

PATEY & WILLIS, 44, Gt. MARLBOROUGH ST., W.

ORGAN.

mf
Sw.
Ped. 16 ft.

Treble (or Tenor) Solo, or all the Trebles.

Pon - der my words O Lord: con -

- si - der my me - di - ta - tion.

mf
Pon - der my words O Lord: con - si - der my me - di -
mf
Pon - der my words O Lord: con - si - der my me - di -
mf
Pon - der my words O Lord: con - si - der my me - di -
mf
Pon - der my words O Lord: con - si - der my me - di -
Gt. Organ.

- ta - tion. O hearken thou to the voice of my call - ing my
- ta - tion. O hearken thou to the voice of my call - ing my
- ta - tion. O hearken thou to the voice of my call - ing my
- ta - tion. O hearken thou to the voice of my call - ing my

King and my God my King and my God.
 King and my God my King and my God.
 King and my God my King and my God.
 King and my God my King and my God.

Tenors.

My voice shalt thou

Choir Organ.

Man:

My voice shalt thou hear be -

My voice thou'lt

hear be - times O Lord: my voice shalt thou hear be -

My voice shalt thou

times O Lord: ear-ly in the morn-ing will I di-rect my
 hear O Lord: ear-ly in the morn-ing will I di-rect my
 times O Lord: ear-ly in the morn-ing will I di-rect my
 hear be - times O Lord: ear-ly in the morn-ing will I di-rect my

The first system of the musical score consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are: "times O Lord: ear-ly in the morn-ing will I di-rect my hear O Lord: ear-ly in the morn-ing will I di-rect my times O Lord: ear-ly in the morn-ing will I di-rect my hear be - times O Lord: ear-ly in the morn-ing will I di-rect my".

prayer to thee, My voice shalt thou
 prayer to thee, My voice shalt thou hear O —
 prayer to thee, My voice shalt thou hear O
 prayer to thee, My voice shalt thou hear — be - times O

Swell Organ.
 8
 Ped.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: "prayer to thee, My voice shalt thou prayer to thee, My voice shalt thou hear O — prayer to thee, My voice shalt thou hear O prayer to thee, My voice shalt thou hear — be - times O". The piano part includes a section marked "Swell Organ." with a pedal point indicated by "8" and "Ped.".

my hear be - times O Lord: ear - ly in the morn - ing will

my Lord: my voice shalt thou hear, ear - ly in the morn - ing will

my Lord: my voice shalt thou hear, ear - ly in the morn - ing will

my Lord: be - times O Lord: ear - ly will

Man.

ou I di - rect my prayer to thee, ear - ly in the morn - ing will

I di - rect my prayer to thee, ear - ly in the morn - ing will

I di - rect my prayer to thee, ear - ly in the morn - ing will

I di - rect my prayer to thee, ear - ly in the morn - ing will

I di-rect my prayer to thee, and will look up.

I di-rect my prayer to thee, and will look up.

I di-rect my prayer to thee, and will look up.

I di-rect my prayer and will look up.

The first system contains four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are: "I di-rect my prayer to thee, and will look up." The piano part features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a bass line and chords.

mf Pon-der my words O Lord: con-si-der my me-di-

mf Pon-der my words O Lord: con-si-der my me-di-

mf Pon-der my words O Lord: con-si-der my me-di-

mf Pon-der my words O Lord: con-si-der my me-di-

mf Great Organ.
Ped.

The second system continues the musical piece with four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are: "Pon-der my words O Lord: con-si-der my me-di-". The piano part features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a bass line and chords. The system includes dynamic markings (*mf*) and performance instructions ("Great Organ." and "Ped.") for the piano accompaniment.

- ta - tion. O hearken thou to the voice of my

- ta - tion. O hearken thou to the voice of my

- ta - tion. O hearken thou to the voice of my

- ta - tion. O hearken thou to the voice of my

call - ing, my King and my God, my King

call - ing, my King and my God, my King

call - ing, my King and my God, my King.

call - ing, my King and my God, my King

and my God, O hear - ken thou, O hear - ken

and my God, O hear - ken thou, O hear - ken

and my God, O hear - ken thou, O hear - ken

and my God, O hear - ken thou, O hear - ken

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The first four staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) with lyrics underneath. The fifth staff is a piano accompaniment for lute, featuring chords and single notes in the right and left hands.

thou, my King and my God. _____

thou, my King and my God. _____

thou, my King and my God. _____

thou, my King and my God. _____

The second system of the musical score also consists of five staves. The first four staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The fifth staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics for all parts in this system are "thou, my King and my God." followed by a line for a long note or breath mark.





MISS KATIE LEONARD.

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